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1

2

HYMNS
FOR ALL SEASONS.

HYMNS

FOR ALL SEASONS.



SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54 *Fleet Street*.

LONDON. MDCCCLXI.

100. 12. 87.



HYMNS.

1

P. M.

A BIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy-disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but to abide with me.

4 Come not in terror, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings :
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with
me !

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, tho' rebellious, and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

- 7 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy
 victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the
 skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee :
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

2

C. M.

- A** GAIN our ears have heard the voice
 Which bids the dying live ;
 O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
 And hope immortal give.
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy ?
 And have we felt its power ?
 To keep it, then, be our employ,
 'Till life's remotest hour.

3

C. M.

- A** LL hail the power of Jesu's name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye saints redeem'd of Adam's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name,
Ye nations great and small,
Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4

C. M.

-
- A**LMIGHTY God ! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That, all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

5

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God ! Eternal Lord !
Thy gracious power make known ;
Touch by the virtue of Thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

6

L. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !

- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before Thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

7

L. M.

- A**ND dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, we would seize the gracious hour:
We pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart ;
More of Thine image let us bear ;
Erect Thy throne in every heart,
And reign without a rival there !
- 3 Give us to read our pardon seal'd,
And from Thy joy to draw our strength ;
To have Thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length !
- 4 Grant these requests : we ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign ;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well if we are Thine.

8

C. M.

AND must we part with all we have,
Jesus, our Lord, for Thee?
This be our joy, for Thou hast done
Much more to set us free.

2 Yes, all may go—one smile from Thee
Will more than make amends
For all the loss we may sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, or lives of ours,
And all we once call'd dear,
Compar'd with Thee, O blessed Lord,
How worthless they appear!

4 And while from Thee, our conquering Lord,
We life and strength obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
We'll glory in our gain.

9

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
Fighting without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross, and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name !

10

L. M.

- A**RISE, my soul ! on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time ;
Remove the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity !
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
While I am walking with my God ?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell ?
- 4 To dwell with God,—to taste His love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
The glorious expectation now
Is heav'nly bliss begun below.

11

L. M.

ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !
Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee !

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
“ I am Jehovah, God alone ;”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come !
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home !
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold !

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim ;
Exalt the Saviour's glorious name ;
Let every foe before Him fall,
Confess'd, ador'd,—the Lord of all.

12

L. M.

A SAINT ! Oh ! would that I could claim
The privileg'd, the honour'd name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band !

2 Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide !
Like kingly salutations giv'n
In mock'ry to the King of Heav'n.

- 3 A saint ! And what imports the name
Thus bandied in derision's game ?
" Holy, and separate from sin ;
To good, nay, ev'n to God akin."
- 4 Is such the meaning of a name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame ?
Yes, dazzled with the glorious light,
He owns his crown is all too bright.
- 5 And ill might son of Adam dare
Alone such honour's weight to bear ;
But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the Son of God.
- 6 A saint ! Oh, give me but some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks Thou shalt command
Than bringing kingdoms in Thine hand.
- 7 Oh ! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,
And scorners to their doom be hurl'd,
While scornèd saints " shall judge the world !"
- 8 How shall the name of saints be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When truth shall witness to the word,
That none but saints " shall see the Lord !"

13

L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same ;

- 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindl'd fire :
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know Thee strong to save,
(Save us, a present Saviour thou,)
Whate'er we hope by faith we have ;
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in Thy name believes,
Eternal life with Thee is giv'n ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heav'nly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realising light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

14

S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

- 3 Sing till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue :
Let every meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say—
" Ye blessed children, come :"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His pilgrims home.
- 6 Soon shall th' enraptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

15

C. M.

- A** WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

- 4 Bless'd Saviour ! introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun ;
And, crown'd with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

16

L. M.

- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

17

L. M.

- A** WAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From Thee, the everflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall fade away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

18

L. M.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

19

C. M.

BEGIN, my soul, some heav'nly theme !
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King !

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His pow'r abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men :
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

20

L. M.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door :
He gently knocks, has knock'd before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still :
You use no other friend so ill.

- 2 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Dismiss His enemy, and thine :
Dismiss the hateful monster sin,
And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
- 3 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart and ne'er return :
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign ;
Sovereign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace,
Oh, may Thy gentle reign increase !

21

C. M.

- B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Upon the Father's throne !
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of heav'nly sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless honours paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain,
For ever on His head !
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

22

C. M.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree;
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

- 2 Look to Him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from His cross depart.
- 3 Look to Him till His dying love
Thy ev'ry thought control;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to Him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
Finish He will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

23

C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

- 2 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" He cries.
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies!

- 3 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine ?

24

P. M.

BELOVED ! why garnish the tombs of your
dead ?

Why grave ye the name on the stone ?
Behold how the traveller rests in his bed !
His pilgrimage finish'd, right well has he sped :
To Jesus the spirit is gone !

- 2 The finger of Mercy has written each name
In durable letters of blood :
Go, read it by faith in the book of the Lamb,
The record for ever and ever the same,
Laid up in the bosom of God !

- 3 Companions depart in the watches of night,
To meet us at dawning of day ;
The Bridegroom is coming with power and
might,
The ashes are ransom'd, and dear in His sight ;
Then why at the tomb will ye stay ?

- 4 Once Jesus could weep. He forbids not the
tear
At winding the clay in the shroud !
Yet speaks from His throne to the circum-
cis'd ear,
Reminds us how quickly the Lord shall appear,
And points to the bow in the cloud !

25

C. M.

- B**ENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly tow'rds the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come.
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell, or heav'n !

26

L. M.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;
 O Jesus! Saviour! shed thy light
 To guide my wandering footsteps right.

- 2 Still let this roving, treach'rous heart,
 Like Mary, choose the better part ;
 And leave the trifles of a day
 For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempest mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck need I fear,
 But all my treasure with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and peaceful die ;
 Secure, when heav'n and earth shall flee,
 To find my joy complete in thee.

27

7s.

BLESS, O Lord, the op'ning year
 To the souls assembled here ;
 Clothe Thy word with power divine,
 Make us willing to be Thine.

- 2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
 Teach the harden'd soul to weep ;
 Let the blind have eyes to see,
 See their sins, and look to Thee.

- 3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young ;
Call forth praise from every tongue ;
Let our whole assembly prove
Thy power, Thy mercy, and Thy love.

28

C. M.

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
We wait His will to know
That we may in His footsteps tread,
And do His work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk with Him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 And let us hasten to the day
Which shall our Lord restore,
When death and sin shall pass away,
And we shall part no more.

29

C. M.

BRIDE of the Lamb ! awake, awake !
 Why sleep for sorrow now ?
 The hope of glory, Christ, is thine—
 A child of glory thou.

- 2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sigh'd for One that's far away,
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
 The breaking morn is near,
 And Jesus comes, with voice of love
 Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 Thou, too, shalt reign.—He will not wear
 His crown of joys alone ;
 And earth His royal bride shall see
 Beside Him on His throne.
- 5 Then weep no more,—'tis all thine own,
 His crown, His joy divine ;
 And greater far than all beside,
 He—He Himself—is thine.

30

113th.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek their home above,
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
 Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
By Thee with heav'nly manna fed,
We shall not lack in all our way :
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

31

7s.

- “CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,”
Sons of men, and angels, say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbade His rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O Grave ?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

32

7s.

- CHRISTIAN, would'st thou Jesus see,
And be blest by Him in time ?
Blest, too, in eternity ?
Christian, then “ abide in Him.”

- 2 Would'st thou wise and holy be ?
Be what others only seem ?
Kept in sweet security ?
Christian, then " abide in Him."
- 3 Would'st thou all the sunshine know
That upon a soul can beam ?
Thou hast but one thing to do,
Christian, to " abide in Him."
- 4 O, " abide in Him," my brother ;
Give thy heart up to Him whole,
This one thing, without another,
Is sufficient for thy soul.

33

7s.

- CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high note of grateful praise.
- 2 Here we all may meet no more,
But there is a happier shore,
Where, releas'd from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 By the Spirit, who has won
Us to God through Christ the Son,
Glad we raise the song again,
Hallelujah ! and Amen !

34

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, source of love,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our guardian and our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

35

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great !
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

36

C. M.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus !"
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For He was slain for us !"
 - 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
 - 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thy endless praise.

- 5 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

37

8, 7.

- COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all;
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defil'd without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks will thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever:
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful — God will never
Break His covenant with blood,
Sign'd when the Redeemer died,
Seal'd when He was glorified.

38

8, 7.

“COME,”—’tis Jesu’s invitation—
Now to mourning souls address’d;
Why, O why such hesitation,
Mourners? He will give you rest.

- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burden’d as ye are with sin?
’Tis the Holy Spirit’s witness:
Christ invites you—enter in.
- 3 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,
Dare not linger till to-morrow,—
Come to Christ without delay.
- 4 He will give—we ne’er can merit—
Perfect peace and heavenly rest;
What a treasure we inherit!
How are contrite sinners blest!
- 5 Jesus, with Thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on Thee.

39

8, 7.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd His precious blood.

- 2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love :
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it—
Seal it for Thy courts above.

40

7s.

COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart ;
Purchase of the Saviour's merit,
Now Thy strength to us impart.

- 2 Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.
- 3 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go
Till we Israel's blessings share,
And Thy grace Thou dost bestow.
- 4 Peace, the seal of sin forgiv'n,
Joy and ardent love, impart ;
Present, everlasting heav'n,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art.

41

P. M.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome !
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,
Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, then, sinners heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo, th' Incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture boldly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

42

C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
To sing, that " God is love."

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove ;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that " God is love."

3 Behold His loving-kindness waits,
For those who from Him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach that " God is love."

4 And oh ! that you whose harden'd hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you " God is love."

5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that " God is love."

43

C. M.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

.

- 2 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise :
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 Oh, happy period ! glorious day !
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptur'd lay,
To celebrate Thy praise !

44

S. M.

COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While we surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or tread the golden streets.
- 6 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

45

L. M.

- C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
May we Thy true disciples be :
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, " Follow Me."
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion bless'd.

- 5 With Thee and these for ever bound,
 May all who here in prayer unite,
 With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
 Rest in Thy love and reign in light.

46

8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You who long for His appearing
 Then shall say, " This God is mine."
 Gracious Saviour !
 Own me in that day for Thine !

- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the powers of nature shaken
 By His looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

47

L. M

DEAR Lord, amidst the throng that press'd
 Around Thee on the cursèd tree,
 Some loyal loving hearts were near,
 Who brav'd reproach, and wept for Thee.

- 2 Like them, may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crown'd with thorn ;
His voice of love can more than cheer
Our souls, like theirs, 'midst bitter scorn.
- 3 Thy cross, Thy lonely path below,
Show what Thy brethren all should be ;
Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in Thee.
- 4 Beneath Thy yoke, Lord, would we move,
Would learn of Thee to bear the cross ;
Thy truth confess to friend and foe,
And for Thy smile count all things loss.

48

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears !
Angels, with wonder see !
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul !
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear :
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

49

S. M.

- F**AITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
An all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To Him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress ;
Flees to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heav'nly road,
If Faith direct our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

50

P. M.

FAITH, like a simple, unsuspecting child,
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on His bosom, and expects no harm:

- 2 Receives with joy the promises He makes,
Nor questions of His purpose, or His power;
She does not doubting ask, "Can this be so?"
The Lord hath said it, and there needs no
more.
- 3 However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not ;
Where Reason would examine, Faith obeys,
And, "It is written," answers every doubt.
- 4 In vain with rude and overwhelming force,
Conscience repeats her tale of misery ;
And powers infernal, wakeful to destroy,
Urge the worn spirit to despair and die.
- 5 As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers
round,
So faith, unmoved amidst surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

51

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes,
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

52

C. M.

- F**ATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in Thy word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe,)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below.

53

L. M.

FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son ! incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

54

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathising breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies ;
And, midst the glories of His state,
Felt His compassion rise.

55

C. M.

FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee ;
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

56

C. M.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

57

C. M.

- F**OR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
 - 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take
And call upon my God.
 - 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

58

L. M.

FORGIVENESS! 't was a joyful sound
 To us, when lost and doom'd to die;
 Publish the bliss the world around,
 And gladly shout it through the sky.

2 'T was the rich gift of love divine;
 'T was full, effacing every crime:
 Unbounded shall its glories shine,
 And know no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of Heav'n
 What grateful honours shall we show?
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n
 Let love with equal ardour glow.

4 By this inspir'd, be all our days
 With works of love and mercy crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

59

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
 How rich Thy bounties are!
 The changing seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth
 And sent the early rain.

- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

60

L. M.

- F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
The Saviour on His mercy-seat.
- 2 He welcomes sinners there, and sheds
The Holy Spirit on their heads ;
And gives with God communion sweet,
At this the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.
- 3 This is the place where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither would we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

- 5 Then, there on eagle wing we'll soar,
 Till time and space shall be no more ;
 Till He come down our souls to greet,
 Whose glory crowns the mercy-seat.

61

7, 6.

- F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,—
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,—
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile,—
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God ;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek ;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?
Lord, my trembling soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo ! He comes ! He heeds my plea !
Lo ! He comes ! the shadows flee !
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit, and adore !

63

C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears ;
They wrestl'd hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

64

8, 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Form'd thee for His own abode.

- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flow to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of death remove.
- 4 Who can faint where such a river
Freely flows their thirst t'assuage?
Blessings which, like God the giver,
Never fail from age to age.
- 5 Saviour, if in that bless'd city
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We may well endure the shame.
- 6 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show,
Solid joy, and lasting treasure,
None but God's own children know.

65

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

66

7s.

- GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
Oh ! the wormwood and the gall !
Oh ! the pangs His soul sustain'd !
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of Time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
" It is finished ! " hear Him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom,—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is ris'n ;—He meets our eyes :
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

67

L. M.

- G**O, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

68

C. M.

- G**OD of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 2 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice, and live.

- 3 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.
- 4 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- 5 Give these—and then Thy will be done ;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

69

L. M.

- G**OD of my life, through all my days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

70

L. M.

- GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall :
When the great waterfloods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

71

C. M.

GOD of our lives ! Thy various praise
Our voices shall resound ;
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To Thee shall annual praises rise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In ev'ry scene of life Thy care,
In ev'ry age we see ;
And constant as Thy favours are
So let our praises be.

4 Still may Thy love in ev'ry scene,
To ev'ry age appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the op'ning year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wand'ring souls to God ;
And in affliction we shall sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

72

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
Yet sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

73

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C. M.

- G**RACE does not steel the faithful heart,
That it should know no ill ;
We learn to kiss the chast'ning rod,
And feel its sharpness still.
- 2 The saint may be compell'd to meet
Misfortune's saddest blow ;
His bosom is alive to feel
The keenest pang of woe :

- 3 But, ever as the wound is giv'n,
 There is a hand unseen,
 Hasting to take away the scar,
 And hide where it has been.
- 4 The Christian would not have his lot
 Be other than it is ;
 For, while his Father rules the world,
 He knows that world is His.

74

S. M.

- GRACE is the sweetest sound
 That ever reached our ears ;
 When conscience charg'd, and justice frown'd,
 'T was grace remov'd our fears.
- 2 'T is freedom to the slave,
 'T is light and liberty ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 From death its victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth
 Laid open to the poor ;
 Grace is a sov'reign spring of health,
 'T is life for evermore.

75

S. M.

- GRACE ! 't is a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

76

P. M.

- G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

- 3 But sinners fill'd with guilty fears
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God ! what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

77

C. M.

- G**REAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray !
- 2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise !
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
Let all our vices fade and die,
And all our virtues grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith address our prayers,
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to Thine.

78

8, 7, 4.

- GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now, and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;

Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

79

—

7s.

- H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord !
 'T is Thy Saviour, hear His word !
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 2 He deliver'd me when bound,
 And when wounded heal'd my wound,
 Sought me wand'ring, set me right,
 Turn'd my darkness into light.
- 3 Can a mother's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet wilt Thou remember me.
- 4 Thine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 I shall see Thy glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of Thy throne shall be,—
 Such Thy wond'rous love to me.
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love Thee, and adore.
 Oh, for grace to love Thee more !

80

C. M.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eyes oppress'd with night
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of His grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And Heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name.

81

8, 7, 4.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
 " It is finish'd !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
 Do the wondrous words afford!
 Heav'nly blessings without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd!"
 Saints the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Immanuel's name:
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim.
 "It is finish'd!"
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

4 Ye on earth who humbly call Him
 Your beloved, and your friend,
 Highest raise your grateful voices,
 Yours the blessings without end.
 "It is finish'd!"
 On His grace and power depend.

82

L. M.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun;
 The longer Wisdom you despise
 The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,
 For fear thy season should be o'er
 Ere life's uncertain race be run.

- 3 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.
- 4 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn ;
Now rouse him from his senseless state ;
O let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

83

8, 7.

- H**ATH the invitation ended ?
Is the cry of mercy dumb ?
Still the message is extended,
Still the call is—"Freely come !"
- 2 Still with sinners Jesus pleadeth,
In compassion's gentlest tones ;
Still the Spirit intercedeth,
With unutterable groans.
- 3 Still the Bride—the Church, would gather
Ev'ry wand'rer to the fold ;
Still the everlasting Father
Would with love each child behold.
- 4 Then let ev'ry soul that thirsteth
Freely to that fount repair,
And while yet its tide out-bursteth
Drink and grow immortal there.

84

8, 7.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing still the precious seed,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 All his labour shall succeed.

- 2 Then will fall the rain of heaven ;
 Then the sun of mercy shine ;
 Precious fruits will then be given,
 Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Nor let fears thy mind employ ;
 Be the prospects ne'er so dreary,
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo the scene of verdure brightening !
 See the rising grain appear !
 Look again, the fields are whitening,—
 Sure the harvest time is near.

85

C. M.

HEAL us, Emmanuel ! here we are,
 Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
 Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair ;—
 And, Saviour, we are such !

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
 We faintly trust Thy word ;—
 But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
 Be that far from Thee, Lord !

- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears, he cried,
"O help my unbelief!"
- 4 She, too, who touch'd Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunn'd Thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away!

86

L. M.

- H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For shelter unto Thee I fly;
My only hope I cast on Thee:
O God, be merciful to me.
- 2 I've nothing, Lord, wherein to trust,
To Thee I come a sinner lost;
Mercy alone I make my plea:
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Jesus has died, and while I mourn
My sins, and see His body torn,
To His atoning blood I flee:
In Him be merciful to me.

- 4 Sinful, indeed, I am, and vile,
Yet give me, Lord, one pard'ning smile;
And where Thou art, oh let me be:
Saviour, be merciful to me.
- 5 To glory bring me, Lord, at last;
And there, when all my fears are past,
How loud shall this blest anthem be,
"God has been merciful to me!"

87

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims
For all the pious dead;—
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They rest in Jesus, and are blest;
How sweet their slumbers are!
From suff'ring and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

88

C. M.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd His heav'nly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.
- 4 Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

89

S. M.

- HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.
- 3 Why should the anxious load
Press down our weary mind?
Oh, seek your heav'nly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
- 4 His goodness stands approv'd,
Unchang'd from day to day;
I'll lay my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

90

C. M.

HOW happy are the souls above,
 From sin and sorrow free!
 With Jesus they are now at rest,
 And all His glory see.

2 “Worthy the Lamb!” aloud they cry,
 “That brought us here to God:”
 In ceaseless hymns of praise they sing
 The merits of His blood.

3 With wond’ring joy they recollect
 Their fears and dangers past;
 And bless the wisdom, pow’r, and love,
 Which brought them safe at last.

4 Lord, let the merit of Thy death
 To me be likewise giv’n,
 And I with them will speak Thy praise
 Through all the courts of heav’n.

91

L. M.

HOW long shall Israel’s sons, once bless’d,
 Still roam the scorning world around;
 Disown’d of Heaven, by man oppress’d,
 Outcasts from Zion’s hallow’d ground?

2 O God of Jacob, view their race!
 Back to Thy fold the wand’ers bring;
 Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
 To hail, in Christ, their promis’d King.

- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.
- 4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.
-

92

C. M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

93

L. M

- H**OW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gath'ring round,
The voice of Jesus fill'd the place !
- 2 From heav'n He came—of heav'n He spoke,
To heav'n He led his follow'rs' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling one immortal day.
- 3 “Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !”
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

94

S. M.

- H**OW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea !
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !

- 2 Our fathers ! where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour — gone !
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies on the grave forgot.
- 4 Then where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before Thy face.

95

C. M.

-
- I**F human kindness meet return,
And own the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh ;
- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe ?

- 3 While yet in anguish He survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words display'd,—
“Meet, and remember Me !”
- 4 Remember Thee ! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O mem'ry, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

96

C. M.

- I**N evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.
- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did !
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

- 6 A second look He gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid :
 I die that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus while His death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I kill'd.

97

C. M.

- I**N vain by reason and by rule
 We try to bend the will,
For none but in the Saviour's school
 Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 2 Since at His feet my soul has sat,
 His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
 I cast on Him my care.
- 3 " Art thou a sinner, soul," He said,
 " Then how canst thou complain ?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
 With everlasting pain !
- 4 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well :
Soon shalt thou quit this gloomy scene,
 And rise with me to dwell.

- 5 In life my grace shall strength supply,
 Proportion'd to thy day ;
 In death thou still shalt find me nigh,
 To wipe thy tears away."
- 6 Thus I, who once my wretched days
 In vain repining spent,
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
 Have learn'd to be content.

98

C. M.

- I**N vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saint
 When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, " He's gone,"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
 To trace her heav'nward flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are completely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold His name they praise,
 His face they always view ;
 And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
 There we shall praise Him too.

99

L. M.

IS Jesus gone? shall mortal eye
No longer watch that earnest look,
Which fell on sorrowing hearts, as high
O'er earth's broad breast His way He took?

2 Is Jesus gone? shall mortal ear
No longer drink those words of grace,
Which charm'd away the bursting tear,
And won a smile from grief's sad face?

3 Jesus is gone!—yon rolling sun
For many a year may rise and fall,
Ere time's appointed course is run,
And God in Christ is all in all.

4 Then let us love, and serve, and bow,
In faith till Jesus come again;
His look and words of grace will show
That none e'er loved and served in vain.

100

L. M.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

- 3 I want that grace that springs from Thee,
That quickens all things where it flows;
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow, and pour me down
A loving and life-giving stream.
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to His care,
Or yields Him meaner fruit, than I.

101

P. M.

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

H

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

102

C. M.

- J**ERUSALEM ! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys, when shall I see ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of purest gold ?
- 3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end ?
- 4 Jesus my Saviour dwells therein,
In glorious majesty ;
And Him through ev'ry stormy scene
I onward press to see.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home,
My soul still pants for Thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

103

8, 7.

JERUSALEM! thou long hast been
Thy seeds of sorrow wearing,
Thy neck bow'd down, O widow'd Queen!
The yoke of Gentiles bearing.

2 Thy sons from thee are scattered wide
On earth, an outcast nation;
Reproach they meet on ev'ry side,—
They show thy desolation.

3 Thou wast by God belov'd of old,
His eyes and heart were o'er thee;
To all the earth, thy glory told
How great the love He bore thee.

4 But thou wast faithless to thy Lord,
Unmindful how He lov'd thee,
Until His dwelling He abhorr'd,
And from His sight remov'd thee.

5 Thus all thy sons were exiles led,
Or bow'd their necks to slaughter;
While, like a mourner midst the dead,
Sits Zion's captive daughter.

104

7s.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, *Hal.*
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, *Hal.*
Hymns to Christ our heavenly King,
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which He endur'd *Hal.*
Our salvation have procur'd ;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing : Hallelujah.
-

105

L. M.

- J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend ?
No, when I blush—be this my shame
That I no more revere His name.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And, oh ! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

106

L. M.

JESUS! before Thy face we fall,
 O Lord, our life, our hope, our all!
 For we have nowhere else to flee;
 No Sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

- 2 In Thee we ev'ry glory view,
 Of safety, strength, and beauty, too;
 'Tis all our rest and peace to see
 Our Sanctuary, Lord, in Thee.
- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
 In Thy dear presence let us hide;
 And while we rest our souls on Thee,
 Do Thou our Sanctuary be.
- 4 Through time, with all its changing scenes,
 And all the grief that intervenes,
 Let this support each fainting heart,
 That Thou our Sanctuary art.

107

C. M.

JESUS! how much Thy name unfolds
 To ev'ry open'd ear;
 The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
 None other half so dear.

- 2 Jesus! it speaks a life of love,
 And sorrows meekly borne;
 It tells of sympathy above,
 Whatever sins we mourn.

- 3 It tells us of Thy sinless walk
In fellowship with God ;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As Thine atoning blood.
- 4 This name encircles ev'ry grace
That God, as man, could show ;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.
- 5 The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee ;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
The chief of sinners we.

108

C. M.

- J**ESUS! immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around Thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by Thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life I from Thy life derive,
My vigour from Thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without Thee,
My strength is wholly Thine ;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dews shall drop ;
And when the rain and tempest beat,
Thou still wilt bear me up.

- 5 The object of the Father's care,
 And prun'd by love divine,
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear
 The feeblest branch of Thine.

109

7a.

- J**ESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and Holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

110

C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

- 2 " The soul who longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those who early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 4 Away, all false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

111

L. M.

JESUS ! the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow ;
Jesus ! no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

- 3 No other name will Heav'n approve ;
Thou art the true, the living way,
The light to cheer the path of love,
Which leads to bright and endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from this heav'nward way depart ;
O may Thy gracious Spirit guide
The wand'ring foot and erring heart !
- 5 Safe lead us through the dreary night,
And bring us to that holy place,
The region of unclouded light,
Where we shall see Thee face to face.

112

L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 When He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

113

C. M.

- JESUS ! Thou man of sorrows ! born
To suffering here below,
To toil through poverty and scorn,
Through weakness and through woe.
- 2 Immanuel ! Thou by ev'ry grief,
By each temptation tried,
Hast liv'd to yield our wants relief,
And to redeem us died.
- 3 If, gaily cloth'd and richly fed,
In wealth and ease we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage-cell.
- 4 If, press'd by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Let conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was Thine.
- 5 From all the subtle snares of sin
Preserve us firm and free;
As Thou like us hast tempted been,
O keep us pure with Thee.

114

L. M.

JESUS! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head!

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through Thy blood absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim—
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 Oh let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

115

L. M.

JESUS! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glories of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

116

P. M.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 "Fightings within, and fears without,"
 O Lamb of God, I come !

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

6 Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
 Has broken every barrier down :
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

117

P. M.

LEAD, Saviour, lead ! amid the encircling
 gloom

Lead Thou me on :

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Should'st lead me on :

I lov'd to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on.

I lov'd the glare of day, and, spite of fears,

Pride rul'd my will ; remember not past years.

- 3 So long Thy power hath bless'd me—sure it
still

Will lead me on,
O'er dale and hill, through stream and torrent,
till

The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have lov'd long since and lost awhile.

118



P. M.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely :
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
But hasten through the world of woe ;
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heav'n ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We feel it nearer while we sing.
- 4 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd ;

The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise
To meet our Captain in the skies.

119

C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Great God ! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our boundless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

120

L. M.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest ;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold ;
Then only will this wand'ring heart
Cease to be false to Thee, and cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defil'd no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There death nor life my soul shall part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

121

L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour which God has giv'n
To flee from hell and seek for heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

- 3 Then what our thoughts design to do,
Our hands with all their might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd,
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

122

8, 7, 4.

LO ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train.
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air !
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.

- 4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne,
Saviour ! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own.
Hallelujah !
Come and make Thy glories known.

123

L. M.

- L**O ! round the throne at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand ;
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They lov'd the cross, despis'd the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore :
The tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise ;
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

124

C. M.

- L**ONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word.

- 2 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there !
- 3 Great God ! Thy sov'reign power impart,
To give Thy word success !
Write Thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn Thy grace.
- 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

125

8, 7, 4.

- L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
Let the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

126

L. M.

LORD, grant us a forgiving mind,
To patience and to peace inclin'd,
That we may with each other bear;
To cherish love be all our care.

- 2 Tender compassion may we show,
Share in each other's weal and woe;
With those who joyful are, rejoice,
And with the weeping sympathise.
- 3 Yea, this be our concern, to seek
In nothing to offend the weak,
But bear with their infirmities,
And thus preserve the bond of peace.
- 4 Grant us in meekness to reclaim
Those who have been in aught to blame;
Mindful that we, as well as they,
Are liable from Thee to stray.

127

C. M.

LORD, I am Thine! brought into life
By Thy creative word;
And when upon the breast I hung,
I was Thy care, O Lord.

- 2 Thy guardian mercy watch'd and kept
My thoughtless youthful days ;
And hither hast Thou led me on,
Through life's bewildering ways.
- 3 Withdraw not then Thy grace from me,
When foes and snares are nigh :
Oh ! send me help,— Thy help,—on which
My soul can best rely.
- 4 O Thou, who hitherto hast kept,
Still keep me to the end ;
With Thee my guide, with Thee my guard,
I ask no other friend.

128

C. M.

- L**ORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye,
Beneath Thy fatal tree,
And see Thee bleed, and see Thee die,
And think ' what love to me !'
- 2 Dwell on the sight, my stony heart,
Till every pulse within
Shall into contrite sorrow start,
And hate the thought of sin.
- 3 Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave
The scoff, the scourge, the gall,
The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave,
While I deserv'd them all ?
- 4 Oh ! help me some return to make,
To yield my heart to Thee,
And do and suffer for Thy sake
As Thou didst then for me !

129

D. S. M.

L ORD, if at Thy command
The word of life we sow,
Water'd by Thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow ;
The virtue of Thy grace,
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to Thy glory live.

- 2 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend :
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

130

C. M.

L ORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein Thy throne ;
So shall I love Thee more than all,
And live to Thee alone.

- 2 I thank Thee that in mercy Thou
Hast waken'd me from death,
Arous'd me out of sin's deep sleep,
And call'd to walk in faith.

- 3 Complete Thy work and crown Thy grace
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still voice
Which whispers only love ;
- 4 Which teaches me what is Thy will,
And tells me what to do ;
Which fills my heart with shame, when I
Do not Thy will pursue.

131

S. M.

- L ORD, Thou art love divine !
I yield my heart to Thee ;
Fetters and darkness long were mine,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 The Saviour's blood is spilt,
The day of mercy come ;
And to His cross, from shame and guilt,
I flee, and find a home.
- 3 Thy work, O Lord, complete ;
Thy daily grace impart ;
Direct aright my wand'ring feet,
Upstay my sinking heart.
- 4 Still let me onward move,
Rejoicing more and more,
Till I behold Thy face above,
And at Thy feet adore.

132

C. M.

- L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in pray'r,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.
- 5 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.
- 6 Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell,
Our God's our Father too.

133

8, 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down,

Bless us with Thy rich indwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown !
Jesus, Thee we'd still be blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Praise Thee, Saviour, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy dying love.

- 2 Carry on Thy new creation ;
Faithful, holy, may we be,
Joyful in our full salvation,
Perfectly conform'd to Thee !
Pass we on from grace to glory,
Till Thy royal courts we gain ;
Then we'll cast our crowns before Thee,
Sing Thy praise and with Thee reign.

134

L. M.

MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.

- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear ;
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year :
Lo ! distant shores Thy heralds trace,
To bear the tidings of Thy grace !
- 3 Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Oh, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view !

- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the future prospect hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way !

135

L. M.

- M**AY He by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 3 We'll talk of all He did, and said,
And suffer'd for us, here below ;
The path He mark'd for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

136

L. M.

- M**Y bless'd Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 What truth and love Thy bosom fill !
What zeal to do Thy Father's will !
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer :
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

137

C. M.

- M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year :
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let Thy glory shine
Whene'er Thy servant dies.
- 4 Let me Thy power and truth proclaim,
Supported still by Thee,
And leave a savour of Thy name
To those who follow me.

138

P. M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, or sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,—
"Thy will be done!"

3 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
"Thy will be done!"

4 Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

139

C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His love is mine,
 And whispers I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wing of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.

140

C. M.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend;
 When I begin Thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of Thy grace?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 The goodness I adore;
 And since I knew Thy grace at first,
 I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 When I am fill'd with sore distress,
 Under my load of sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.

- 4 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

141

L. M.

- NEW every morning is the love,
Our wak'ning and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell ;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves,—a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and ev'ry day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

142

C. M.

"**N**O condemnation!"—O my soul,
"Tis God that speaks the word;
Perfect in comeliness art thou
In Christ thy glorious Lord.

- 2 In heav'n His blood for ever speaks,
In God the Father's ear;
His Church, the jewels of His heart,
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation!"—precious word!
Consider it, my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ the spotless Lamb;
So shall we love Thy gracious will,
And glorify Thy name.

143

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
While hanging on the accursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remov'd ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

144



L. M.

- N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To Christ the Lord our voice we'll raise,
With all His saints we'll join to tell
" Our Jesus hath done all things well."
- 2 All worlds His glorious power confess ;
His wisdom all His works express ;
But, oh, His love, what tongue can tell ?
" Our Jesus hath done all things well."
- 3 And since our souls have known His love,
What mercies hath He made us prove ;
Mercies which all our praise excel :
" Our Jesus hath done all things well."
- 4 And when on that bright day we rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Among the rest this note shall swell,—
" Our Jesus hath done all things well."

145

L. M.

NOW let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain ;—
Not only say, " He suffer'd thus,"
But that " He suffer'd all for us."

3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh, to bleed and die ;
And still He makes it His abode ;—
As man He fills the throne of God.

4 But, ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove !

5 Oh, glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the Lord who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can !

146

L. M.

NOW may the gospel's conqu'ring power
Be felt by all assembled here ;
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

- 2 Lord, let Thy mighty voice be heard ;
 Speak in the word, and speak with pow'r :
 So shall Thy glorious name be fear'd
 By those who never fear'd before.
- 3 Oh, pity those who live in sin,
 Avert from them the sinner's doom ;
 Open the ark and take them in,
 And save them from the wrath to come !
- 4 So shall Thy people joyful be ;
 The angels, too, will louder sing :
 And all ascribe the praise to Thee,
 To Thee, the everlasting King.

147

C. M.

- O** CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
 Redemption's only spring ;
 Creator of the world art Thou,
 Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love
 Which laid our sins on Thee,
 Which'led Thee to a cruel death,
 To set Thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
 The ransom hath been paid ;
 And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
 In glorious robes array'd.
- 4 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
 Our future great reward ;
 Our only glory may it be
 To glory in the Lord.

148

L. M.

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God !
Come, wash us in Thy cleansing blood !
Give us to know Thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee !
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
Thy pledge of love for ever there !

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That Thou should'st man to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
And deck them with a glorious crown ?

4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren Thou !
To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow.
Help us to Thee our all to give !
Thine may we die—Thine may we live !

149

L. M.

O DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light ;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart :
Thou would'st be sav'd—why not to-night ?

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, oh then be wise:
Thou would'st be sav'd—why not to-night?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will:
Thou would'st be sav'd—why not to-night?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh! try the life which Christians live:
Thou would'st be sav'd—why not to-night?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou would'st be sav'd—why not to-night?

150

C. M.

- O** FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing—
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.

151

C. M.

- O** GOD of Israel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! still be God
Of each succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
In Christ we now implore ;
And Thou shalt be our only God,
And portion evermore.

152

S. M.

O GOD of sov'reign grace,
We bow before Thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of Thy Son.

- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of Thy ways ;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

153

C. M.

O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

154

C. M.

- O GRACIOUS Lord, be with us now,
Supply Thy children's need ;
On Christ, the bread of life, may we
In sweet communion feed.

- 2 With water from the smitten Rock
Our thirsty spirits cheer ;
And make us all rejoice to feel
Thy blessed presence here.

155

P. M.

- O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !
- 2 Bless'd with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine ;
For, as the branches to the vine,
We only cling to Thee !
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove ;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still can we cling to Thee !

- 4 Bless'd is our lot, whate'er befall ;
 Who can affright, or who appal,
 Since as our strength, our Rock, our all,
 Jesus ! we cling to Thee ?

156

L. M.

- O** LORD, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
 For Thine expected coming waits !
 When will the promis'd light arise,
 And glory beam from Zion's gates ?
- 2 Extend Thy reign o'er every land ;
 Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,
 All nations bow to Thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world !
- 3 Do Thou, O Lord, our hearts renew,
 Our souls with heav'nly wisdom bless ;
 Man's rooted enmity subdue,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success !
- 4 Teach us, in watchfulness and pray'r,
 To wait for Thine appointed hour ;
 And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
 The triumphs of Thy conqu'ring pow'r !

157

P. M.

- O** LOVE divine ! what hast Thou done !
 The immortal God hath died for me !
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bare all my sins upon the tree.
 Th' immortal God for me hath died,—
 My Lord, my hope, is crucified.

- 2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace ;
 Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever-grief like His ?
 Come feel, with me, His blood applied,—
 My Lord, my hope, is crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood ;
 Pardon for all flows from His side,—
 My Lord, my hope, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath His cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream ;
 All things for Him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to Him ;
 Of nothing think or speak beside,—
 My Lord, my hope, is crucified.

 158

L. M.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give pow'r and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

- 3 Be darkness at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call Him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath will'd
All flesh should His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd through
Thee.

159

C. M.

- O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When, groaning, on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.
- 4 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own the just decree :
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, " Remember me."

160

L. M.

- O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it longs for Thee ;
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean !
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee !
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

161

P. M.

- O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend !
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On Thee alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me !
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

162

C. M.

O WISDOM! whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood.

2 Yet didst Thou not disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy filial prayer.

3 But in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

4 So may our youth adore Thy name,
And, Saviour, deign to bless,
With fostering grace, the timid flame
Of early holiness.

163

8, 7, 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul! be still, and gaze!
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,

That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary !
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole !

- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel !
 Win and conquer—never cease !
 May Thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply, and still increase !
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around !

- 4 Lo ! behold the day approaching,
 Day of Jesu's deathless fame,
 When the fulness of the Gentiles
 Shall exult to own His name.
 Reign for ever,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords !

164

C. M.

OH, for a closer walk with God !
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

165

C. M.

- O**H, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him who dwells within.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

166

C. M.

O H, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

2 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,—
His blood avails for me.

4 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour, come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

167

L. M.

O H, from the world's sad slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free ;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

- 2 But oft, alas ! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below ;
In lifeless prayer how oft I find
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind !
- 3 What can that frozen bosom move,
That melts not at a Saviour's love ?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not sing a Saviour's praise ?
- 4 Lord, draw my best affections thence,
Above this world of sin and sense ;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to Thee they rise.

168

C. M.

- OH, teach us more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God ;
And fix and root us in Thy grace,
As those redeem'd by blood.
- 2 Oh, tell us often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain ;
And let our hearts with joy confess,
From thence comes all our gain.
 - 3 For this, oh, may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss,
The dearest object of our love,
Compar'd with Thee, but dross.
 - 4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts
With an eternal pen,
That we may in some small degree
Return Thy love again.

169

C. M.

OUR God is love, and all His saints
His image bear below,
The heart with love to God inspired
With love to man will glw.

- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are lov'd of Thee !
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So shall the vain, contentious world,
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wond'ring say, as they of old,
" See how these Christian's love ! "

170

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eye the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and oh, amazing love !
He came to our relief.

- 3 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak !
- 4 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

171

—

L. M.

- P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
 I have a rich almighty Friend ;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is His name,
 He freely loves and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
 And by His pow'r my foes controll'd ;
 He found me wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to His chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with Him above the skies :
 Oh, what a friend is Christ to me !
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,
 To think of my perverse returns :
 I've been a faithless friend to Him.
- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;
 And often Satan's lies believe,
 Sooner than all my Friend can say.

- 6 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite !
And were not He the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from His sight.

172

C. M.

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here,
Let us receive th' engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

- 2 By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he who in Thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy name,
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.
- 4 Thy grace and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free,
And often since our life had fail'd
Unless renew'd by Thee.
- 5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
On Thee for help we call ;
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all !

173

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a sudden fire
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of pray'r Thyself hath trod,—
Lord, teach us how to pray !

174

L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer ?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high ;
Arise and try thine int'rest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject, if sin distress ;
The remedy's before thee,—Pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame :
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesu's name.
- 6 Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known :
Fear not—His merits must prevail ;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

175

S. M.

- PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.
- 2 Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word
Who heav'n and earth commands.

- 3 Though years on years roll on,
His cov'nant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promis'd grace is sure.
- 4 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His pow'r will clear thy way ;
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

176

C. M.

- R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
How short the months appear !
- 2½ So fast eternity comes on !
And that important day,
When all that mortal hand has done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-advancing year ;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, this trifling heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian's part,
And give the year to Thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my joyful soul
To bliss that never dies.

177

7. 6.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heaven thy native place.

2 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn!
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.

4 Yet a season, and we know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

178

7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side that flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

179

C. M.

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O, Thou bleeding Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

180

8, 7.

SAVIOUR, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,—
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn in heav'n awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

181

L. M.

SAVIOUR divine ! my hope and trust,
In Thee alone I make my boast ;
Thy blood hath cleans'd my guilt away ;
In life and death Thou art my stay.

2 Fainting with thirst, and worn with toil,
I trod the desert's burning soil ;
The heat oppress'd my aching head,
Till at Thy cross I found a shade.

3 As orient beams, at dawn of day,
In golden light the clouds array,
So now Thy gracious rays illumine
My spirit, once engulfed in gloom.

4 And now on Thee, in all my ways,
I seek to fix my constant gaze ;
In heav'n above, on earth below,
Apart from Thee no joy I know.

182

L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control ?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee ?

- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd self-destroying man ;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh ! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

183



6s.

- “ **S**ERVANT of God, well done !
Rest from thy lov'd employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.”
- 2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.
 - 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field ;
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

- 4 His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 5 It was a two-edg'd blade,
Of heav'nly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
- 6 'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin ;
It kindl'd, and it silenc'd strife,
Made war, and peace, within.
- 7 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
- 8 Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.
- 9 "Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy."

184

L. M.

"SHOW me Thy mercy, gracious Lord !
'Tis Thee," he cries, "not Thine I
seek.

Nay, start not at so bold a word
From man, frail worm and weak."

N

- 2 The rays of the Almighty's face
No sinner's eye might then receive ;
Only the meekest man found grace
To see His skirts and live.
- 3 But we, as in a glass, espy
The glory of His countenance ;
Not in a whirlwind hurrying by
The too presumptuous glance.
- 4 But with mild radiance every hour,
From our dear Saviour's face benign,
Bent on us with transforming power,
Till we, too, faintly shine.
- 5 Sprinkled with His atoning blood,
Safely before our God we stand ;
As on the rock the prophet stood,
Beneath His shadowing hand.

185

L. M.

- S**INNERS, obey the word, and haste
The King's great marriage-feast to taste ;
Be wise to know your gracious day :
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss His late returning son ;
Ready your living Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His piercèd hands.
 - 3 Ready the Spirit to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart ;
To shed Christ's love in you abroad,
And witness you are born of God.

- 4 Ready the joyful feast you'll find,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind ;
There thousands rest, there thousands come,
And yet the servants cry, " There's room."
- 5 Then, sinners, hear this blessed word,
Receive ye now your waiting Lord ;
Pardon and life He'll freely give :
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall live.

186

S. M.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Press on from grace to grace,
The foe still treading down ;
Fight the good fight before His face,
Who holds the conqueror's crown.
- 4 And now the vict'ry won,
And all the conflict o'er,
Before His feet we'll cast our crown,
And praise Him evermore.

187

7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He,
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heav'ns and earth :
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

188

L. M.

SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near:
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
 And all the flow'rs of life unfold,
 Let not my heart within me burn,
 Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

189

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
 sing;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall fill my breast;
 Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

190

8, 7.

- SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we sit, with transport viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood :
Precious drops our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.
- 3 Love and grief each heart dividing,
With our tears His feet we'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 4 May we still enjoy this feeling !
All in need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

191

C. M.

SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to Thee,
While seated by the well,
Was Thine own task of love to all,
Of grace and truth to tell.

- 2 One thoughtless heart, that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love, was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in Thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found one, whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of sins to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of Thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord, we see
The wand'ring soul by love subdu'd,
The sinner drawn to Thee.

192

C. M.

TEACH us, O Lord, how brief our date,
How few our fleeting years;
How worthless is our best estate
In this poor vale of tears.

- 2 Our life, indeed, is but a span,
Dependent on Thy breath;
And all the pomp and gains of man
But gild the road to death.

- 3 We turn from these, we turn from all
That binds our hearts to dust ;
Down at Thy footstool, Lord, we fall ;
Thy grace is all our trust.
- 4 Oh, free our souls from guilt and fear,
Let fall Thy angry rod ;
Thou know'st we are but strangers here :
Be Thou our home, O God.

193

L. M.

- T**HAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wing of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of a day ;
Shall time, which God in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?
- 3 Thy fleeting moments strive to use ;
Awake ! rouse ev'ry active pow'r,
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little—this important hour.
- 4 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine,
Nor let Thy presence e'er depart ;
For strength, and life, and death are Thine.
- 5 O teach me, Lord, the heav'nly skill
Each solemn warning to improve ;
And while my days are short'ning, still
Prepare me for the joys above.

194

6, 6, 8.

- T**H' atoning work is done ;
 The victim's blood is shed ;
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead :
 He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with His blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love :
 But justice now withstands no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
 This place of service is ;
 In heav'n itself He stands,
 A heav'nly priesthood His :
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again :
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take His waiting people home.

195

C. M.

TH' Eternal Life His life laid down,—
 Such was the wondrous plan,—
 And God, the blessed God, was made
 A curse for cursed man.

- 2 Our flesh He took, our sins He bore,
Himself for us He gave ;
His cross was ours, and we with Him
Were buried in one grave.
- 3 With Him we rose, with Him we live,
With Him we sit above ;
With Him for ever we shall share
The Father's boundless love.
- 4 Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed name ;]
And bless our blessed King !
And songs of glad deliverance,
For ever, ever sing !

196

P. M.

- THE happy morn is come,
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save.
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done ;

On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

197

C. M.

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The great good Shepherd tends my soul,
My wants are all supplied.

2 In pastures green He makes me feed,
Recalls me when I stray,
Refreshes me with streams of grace,
And leads me in His way.

3 I pass with Him the vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
His friendly rod and staff are there,
To guide and comfort me.

4 My cup is full, my table spread,
His mercy crowns my days ;
His house shall ever be my home,
And all my life be praise.

198

S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed !
Then justice asks no more ;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

- 2 The Lord is ris'n indeed !
 'Then is the work perform'd ;
 The might captive now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 3 The Lord is ris'n indeed !
 Then hell has lost its prey ;
 With Him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.
- 4 The Lord is ris'n indeed !
 Attending angels hear ;
 Up to the courts of heav'n with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then wake your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord ;
 Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

199

P. M.

- THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

200

L. M.

- T**HE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
 The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
 As once in lowly form He came,—
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruise'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain;
 Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain;
 But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come!"

201

C. M.

THE Lord, who died on earth for men,
Now fills His Father's throne ;
He loves us as He lov'd us then,
And watches o'er His own.

- 2 For them He offers daily prayer,
(And all His prayers are heard);
He tends them with unceasing care,
And feeds them from His word.
- 3 Their ev'ry wish, and want, and woe,
To Him are fully known ;
They share His trials here below,
And soon shall share His throne.
- 4 He guards and blesses them from high,
While they are toiling here :
With such a Friend above the sky,
What have His flock to fear ?

202

L. M.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by His word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

- 2 And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

203

C. M.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make ;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him ;
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

204

C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight :
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun !
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The God who gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise —
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

205

D. L. M.

- THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publisheth to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice or sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine !"

206

C. M.

- THE vail is rent :—lo ! Jesus stands
 Before the throne of grace ;
 And clouds of incense from His hands
 Fill all that glorious place.
- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
 Before and on the throne ;
 And His own wounds in heav'n declare
 His work on earth is done.
- 3 " 'Tis finish'd !" on the cross He said,
 In agonies and blood ;
 " 'Tis finish'd !" now He lives to plead
 Before the face of God.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd !" here our souls can rest,
 His work can never fail :
 By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
 We enter through the vail.
- 5 Within the holiest of all,
 Cleans'd by His precious blood,
 Before Thy throne Thy children fall,
 And worship Thee, our God.

- 6 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
His name, His blood, our plea;
Assur'd our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend by Him to Thee.

207

C. M.

- THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

208

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's unclouded eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

209

C. M.

THERE is a Name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,—
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
- 4 Jesus ! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear !
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesu's love to me.

210

C. M.

THERE is a river deep and broad,
 Its course no mortal knows ;
 It fills with joy the Church of God,
 And widens as it flows.

- 2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
 And bright with endless day ;
 The rills with every blessing team,
 And life and health convey.
- 3 Along the shores angelic bands
 Watch every moving wave ;
 With holy joy their breast expands,
 When men the waters crave.
- 4 Flow on, sweet stream, for ever flow,
 The earth with glory fill ;
 Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
 And all obey His will.

211

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C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place,
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserv'd for all the heirs of grace,—
 O be that refuge mine !

- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
 Uninjur'd and unaw'd ;
 While thousands fall on ev'ry side,
 He rests secure in God.

- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of truth and love divine :
O child of God ! O glory's heir !
How rich a lot is thine !
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for ev'ry call,
An honour'd life, a peaceful end,
And heav'n to crown it all !

212

P. M.

- T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

213

C. M.

- THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord its maker is ;
And every heart and hand therein
By sovereign right are His.
- 2 But who shall take their station, who,
The nearest to His throne ?
They, they whose nature grace has chang'd,
Whom Christ has made His own.
- 3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory : lo, He comes,
With all His ransom'd train !
- 4 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord for strength renown'd ;
In battle mighty o'er His foes,
Eternal Victor crown'd !
- 5 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory : lo, He comes,
O'er heaven and earth to reign !
- 6 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord who died for men,
And from His conquests now returns
To claim His throne again.

214

P. M.

TIME'S sun is fast setting,
Its twilight is nigh,
Its ev'ning is falling,
In clouds o'er the sky ;
Its shadows are stretching
In ominous gloom,
Its midnight approaches—
The midnight of doom.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

2 Rides forth the fierce tempest
On the wing of the cloud ;
The moan of the night-blast
Is fitful and loud :
The mountains are heaving,
The forests are bow'd,
The ocean is surging,
Earth gathers its shroud.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

3 The vision is nearing
The Judge and the throne !
The voice of the angel
Proclaims “ It is done ! ”
On the whirl of the tempest
Its Ruler shall come,
And the blaze of His glory
Flash out from its gloom.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

4 "With clouds He is coming!"
 His people shall sing;
 With gladness they hail Him
 Redeemer and King!
 The iron rod wielding,
 The rod of His ire,
 He cometh to kindle
 Earth's last fatal fire!
 Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
 And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee!

215

L. M.

- T**IS night! but oh, the joyful morn
 Will soon our waiting spirits cheer;
 Yon gleams of coming glory warn
 Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.
- 2 Lord of our hearts, belov'd of Thee,
 Weary of earth, we sigh to rest;
 Supremely happy, safe and free,
 For ever on Thy tender breast;
- 3 To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee near,
 Nor dread, as now, Thy transient stay;
 To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
 Lest joy should wane or pass away.
- 4 Children of hope, beloved Lord!
 In Thee we live, we glory now;
 Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
 Our diadem of beauty, Thou!

- 5 And when exalted, Lord, with Thee,
The royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting Thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory, there.

216

C. M.

- T**HIS past — the dark and dreary night!
And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
Our morning star, without a cloud
Of sadness on Thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows now are o'er ;
And, oh, sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.
- 3 Deep were those sorrows — deeper still
The love that brought Thee low,
That bade the streams of life from Thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.
- 4 The soldier, as he pierc'd Thee, prov'd
Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee ;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
Love, only love we see.
- 5 Drawn from Thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood,
Speaks peace to ev'ry heart that knows
The virtues of Thy blood.
- 6 Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
To share Thy glorious throne.

- 7 So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with Thee,
That all Thy bliss and glory then
Our bright reward shall be.
- 8 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
The dreary desert pass'd,
Our way-worn hearts shall find in Thee
Their full repose at last.

217

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C. M.

- TO Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there ;
- 2 That resting-place of every heart
That finds the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.
- 3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd ;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endur'd its last.
- 4 Dear suff'ring Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.
- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt'rest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

- 6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come,
And answer to our call;
Come, claim Thine ancient power, and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

218

S. M.

- TO Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
- 2 Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore;
We then shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
- 3 There in celestial strains
Enraptur'd myriads sing
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
- 4 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransom'd there.
- 5 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

219

P.M.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will
not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
tomb :

Thy Saviour has passed through its portal
before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom !

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless has
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and its mansion
forsaking,

Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd
long ;

But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not
deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
thy guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
 restore thee,
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour
 hath died.

220

C. M.

THOU art *the Way*—by Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;
And he that would the Father seek
 Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art *the Truth*—thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.

3 Thou art *the Life*—the rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
 Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Which lead to endless day.

221

C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of Thee ;
No music 's like Thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O let us ever hear Thy voice !
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedeck.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Saviour's holy name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransom'd throng,
Then will we sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

222

8, 6.

- THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth I cry ;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress :

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t'ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

223

P. M.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And gladly seek in it repose ;
That thus my heart, from earth set free,
May find its whole delight in Thee.

- 2 O crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
And bid each vile affection die ;
Nor let one hateful lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

224

C. M.

- THOU, who didst sit on Jacob's well
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.
- 2 Thou from whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that own'd Thy dying thirst,
To Thee we turn, our last and first,
Our sun and soothing moon.
- 3 From darkness, here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
- 4 Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade ?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclosed ?

225

P. M.

- THOU, whose Almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;

Hear us, we humbly pray,
And when the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
“ Let there be light ! ”

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and light ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
“ Let there be light ! ”

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
“ Let there be light ! ”

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity ;
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world far and wide,
“ Let there be light ! ”

226

C. M.

THEY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
 Thou dost with sinners bear ;
 That, sav'd, we may Thy goodness feel,
 And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
 To ev'ry soul, abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are !
 A rock that cannot move ;
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.

227

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C M

- THY promises surpass my thought,
 But faithful is my Lord ;
 In unbelief I stagger not,
 For God hath spoke the word.
- 2 Faith lends her realising light,
 And clouds and shadows fly ;
 Th' Invisible appears in sight,
 Distinct to mortal eye.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone ;
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And says, " It shall be done."

228

D. C. M.

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
Walk in the light ! and sin abhorr'd
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.

- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
In whom no darkness is.
Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

229

L. M.

WE bless Thee, Lord, that we have met
Once more before Thy mercy-seat,
Thy ransom'd family to raise,
In Jesu's name, our song of praise.

- 2 And now Thy blessing we implore
To guard and keep us evermore ;
Into Thine hand our souls commend,
To guide, and strengthen, and defend.
- 3 Through all the dangers of the night,
Through the temptations of the light,
Through every snare, from every ill,
Thou, Lord, shalt be our Saviour still.

- 4 Once more for all Thy love hath done,
Thy mercies past or yet unknown ;
For all Thy goodness, gracious Lord,
For ever be Thy name ador'd.

230

L. M.

WE praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry good ;
For life, and health, and daily food :
Oh ! grant us thankful hearts to take,
All that Thou giv'st for Jesu's sake.

- 2 And may our souls be daily fed
With Christ, the true and living bread ;
Till in Thy presence, Lord, we feast
With saints above, in endless rest.

231

L. M.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confess'd,—
But what must it be to be there !

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare ;
Its honours and pleasures untold,—
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,—
But what must it be to be there !

- 4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the Firstborn above,—
But what must it be to be there !
- 5 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heav'n my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there !

232

L. M.

- “WE’VE no abiding city here :”
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
“ We seek a city yet to come.”
- 2 “ We’ve no abiding city here :”
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not this world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 3 “ We’ve no abiding city here :”
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name—“ The Lord is there ;”
It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 Thither our course with joy we bend,
In hope the sacred place to gain ;
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow end,
And peace and love for ever reign.

233

7s.

WHAT are these array’d in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?

Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'ers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb;
Blood that washes white as snow.
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a middle clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

234

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below !
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word,
Escap'd thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve,
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

235

L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and divine :
When shall I wake and call them mine ?

- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst its chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

236

L. M.

- WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight.
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? ah ! think again :
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

237

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
To taste those gifts with joy.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

238

P. M.

- WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain :
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 When aught shall tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To shun the precept's holy light,
Or quit my hold on Jesu's might ;
May He, who felt temptation's power,
Still guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
Still He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 5 And, oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

239

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

240

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingl'd down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

241

78.

- WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glowing sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
Not till then — how much we owe.
- 2 When we hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When we see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge-brink,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
Not till then — how much we owe.
- 3 When we stand upon the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not our own,
When we see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
Not till then — how much we owe.

242

L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
 Meet to recount His acts of grace,
 And offer solemn pray'r and praise,—

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
 Amid this little company:"
 There He unveils His smiling face,
 And sheds His glories round the place.

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on Thy faithful word;
 Now send Thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

243

L. M.

WHILE in the world we still remain,
 We only meet to part again;
 But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day,
 Should chase our present grief away;
 A few short years of conflict past,
 We meet around the throne at last.

244

L. M.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
 Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?
 Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
 And Zion's song denies to sing?

- 2 Awake !—thy sweetest raptures raise ;
 Let harp and voice unite their strains :
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
 Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns !
- 3 No taunting foes the song require ;
 No strangers mock thy captive strain !
 But friends provoke the silent lyre,
 And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands thy triumph share ;
 A heav'nly city claims thy song,
 A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
 Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
 In every clime behold a home,
 In every temple see thy God.

245

C.M.

- W**HY should we fear youth's draughts of
 joy,
 If pure, would sparkle less ?
 Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
 Which God hath deign'd to bless ?
- 2 Who, but a Christian, through all life,
 That blessing may prolong ?
 Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
 Still chant His morning song ?
- 3 We may look home, and seek in vain
 A fond fraternal heart,
 But Christ hath giv'n His promise plain
 To do a brother's part.

- 4 Such is Thy banquet, dearest Lord !
O give us grace to cast
Our lot with Thine, to trust Thy word,
And keep our best till last.

246

P. M.

- WHY those fears ? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship.
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean ;
Led by Him, the storm defy ;
Calm amid tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
- 3 Render'd safe by His protection.
We shall pass that watery waste ;
Trusting to His wise discretion,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.
- 4 Oh, what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.

247

S. M.

WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on Him,
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesu's breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish all our pain.

248

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

R

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

249

C. M.

- Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In simple faith draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 The Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

- 4 What objects, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind ;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

250

C. M.

- Y**E servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ ;
And as you tread salvation's road,
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiv'n ?
Call'd by a gracious Father's choice,
To be the heirs of heav'n ?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains !
And how must sinners joy to know
Their own Messiah reigns !
- 4 Oh ! grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine,
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us Thine.
- 5 The Spirit of adoption give ;
Teach us with ev'ry breath,
To sing Thy mercies while we live,
And praise Thy name in death.

251

C. M.

YES ! there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word ;
Oh, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief !

3 To the rich fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless thing,
In Thy kind arms I fall ;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

252

7, 8.

YES ! this was the Son of God !
'Tis for man He bears the rod ;
Earth and skies are veil'd in grief ;
Man alone shows unbelief.
" 'Tis finish'd ! " Through creation's bound
Fly, O fly, triumphant sound !
" 'Tis finish'd ! " Heav'n, transported, sings ;
" 'Tis finish'd ! " Earth, re-echoing, rings.

- 2 "'Tis finish'd!" See the Victor rise,
 Shake off the grave, and cleave the skies.
 Ye heavens! your doors wide open fling:
 Ye angel choirs! receive your King.
 "'Tis finish'd!" But what mortal dare
 In that triumph hope to share?
 Saviour! to Thy cross I flee:
 Say "'Tis finish'd!" and for me.
-

DOXOLOGIES.

253

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

254

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

255

P. M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

256

L. M.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and ev'rywhere ador'd ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.

257

L. M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But bless Thee more for Jesu's blood !
May manna to our souls be giv'n,
The bread of life sent down from heav'n.

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There is a safe and secret place	211
There is an hour of peaceful rest	212
This spacious earth is all the Lord's	213
Time's sun is fast setting	214
'Tis night! but oh, the joyful morn	215
'Tis past—the dark and dreary night!	216
To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now	217
To Canaan's sacred bound	218
Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore Thee	219
Thou art <i>the Way</i> —by Thee alone	220
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb	221
Thou God of glorious majesty	222
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	223
Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well	224
Thou, whose Almighty word	225
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love	226
Thy promises surpass my thought	227
Walk in the light! so shalt thou know	228
We bless Thee, Lord, that we have met	229
We praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry good	230
We speak of the realms of the blest	231
We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food	<i>Dox.</i> 257
"We've no abiding city here"	232
What are these array'd in white	233
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	234
What sinners value, I resign	235
What various hindrances we meet	236
When all Thy mercies, O my God!	237
When gathering clouds around I view	238
When I can read my title clear	239
When I survey the wondrous cross	240
When this passing world is done	241
Where two or three, with sweet accord	242
While in the world we still remain	243
Why, on the bending willows hung	244
Why should we fear youth's draughts of joy	245
Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus	246

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With Jesus in our midst	247
With joy we meditate the grace	248
Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm	249
Ye servants of the living God	250
Yes ! there's a voice of sovereign grace	251
Yes ! this was the Son of God	252





